

# COWBOY

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

No. 23  
F.P.I.

# WESTERN

COMICS

10¢







WEB COMIC  
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# THEY MADE HISTORY

by MARIO DE MARCO



## SAM HOUSTON

BORN IN 1793, DIED IN 1836. SAM SPENT A GOOD PART OF HIS EARLY LIFE LIVING WITH THE CHEROKEE INDIANS. WHEN HE RETURNED TO CIVILIZATION, HE BECAME A SCHOOL TEACHER. WAR BROKE OUT AND SAM ENLISTED IN THE ARMY. HERE HE BECAME NOTED FOR HIS COURAGE IN THE FACE OF DANGER. HE WAS CHOSEN FIRST PRESIDENT OF TEXAS. HE WAS A BRAVE SOLDIER AND A GREAT STATESMAN.



## JOHN CHARLES FREMONT

BORN IN 1813, DIED IN 1890. JOHN TOOK TO THE TRAIL AT AN EARLY AGE. WHILE IN THE U. S. ARMY HE WAS CHOSEN TO FIND THE BEST ROADS ACROSS THE VAST PLAINS AND THE ROCKIES TO OREGON AND CALIFORNIA, A GREAT TASK WHICH FEW MEN WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED. TEAMING UP WITH THE FAMOUS KIT CARSON, WHO ACTED AS HIS GUIDE, THEY ENDURED HARDSHIPS, FOUGHT INDIANS, BUT MILE BY MILE THEY SHORTENED THE DISTANCE UNTIL THEY REACHED THEIR GOAL.



## WILLIAM CLARK

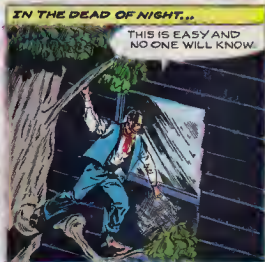
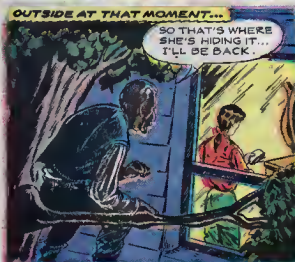
TWO GREAT PIONEERS WHO BLAZED THE TRAIL ACROSS UNEXPLORED PARTS OF THE GREAT WEST, BRAVING HARDSHIPS AND DANGERS FROM BOTH NATURE AND THE HOSTILE INDIANS. THE EXPLOITS OF THEIR TRAVELS MAKES INTERESTING READING TO PERSONS WHO ENJOY BOTH ADVENTURE AND THRILLS. WHAT THESE PIONEERS WITNESSED ON THEIR TRIP THROUGH THE GREAT WEST IS UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE. AFTER TWO AND A HALF YEARS, AND COVERING 8,000 MILES THEY REACHED THE END OF THEIR TRAIL. THE PACIFIC COAST.



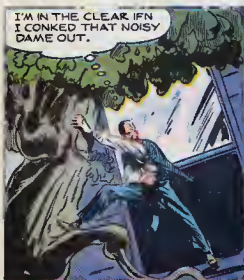
## MERIWETHER LEWIS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER AT THE JAIL...

SHERIFF! LAST NIGHT ANNIE WAS ROBBED OF THE REWARD.

BUT I SCRATCHED HIM. IF YOU SEE ANYONE WITH SCRATCHES HE'S PROBABLY GUILTY.



COULDN'T'VE BEEN OWEN. HE'S JUST GETTING OUT ON BAIL TODAY.

HA HA! THAT'S ONE ON YOU, SHERIFF.



THAT NIGHT AT CLOSING TIME...

JONES I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

WHA... WHO... OWEN!



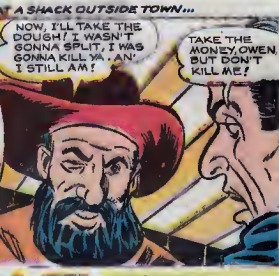
I HEAR YA PICKED UP A PIECE OF MONEY OFF THE REWARD. HOW ABOUT SOME OR DO YOU WANT TO EAT LEAD?

I WAS GOING TO SPLIT WITH YOU OWEN! COME ON WITH ME!

AT A SHACK OUTSIDE TOWN...

NOW, I'LL TAKE THE DOUGH! I WASN'T GONNA SPLIT, I WAS GONNA KILL YA. AN' I STILL AM!

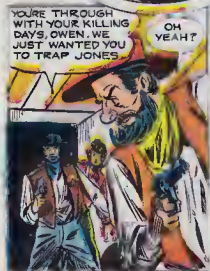
TAKE THE MONEY, OWEN, BUT DON'T KILL ME!



YOU'RE THROUGH WITH YOUR KILLING DAYS, OWEN. WE JUST WANTED YOU TO TRAP JONES.

OH YEAH?

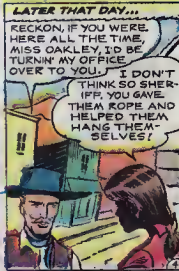
I COULD HAVE MADE THAT COUNT OWEN. YOU'D BETTER GO WITH THE SHERIFF.



LATER THAT DAY...

RECKON, IF YOU WERE, HERE ALL THE TIME, MISS OAKLEY, I'D BE TURNIN' MY OFFICE OVER TO YOU.

I DON'T THINK SO SHERIFF. YOU GAVE THEM ROPE AND HELPED THEM HANG THEMSELVES!





# JESSE JAMES

INTO THE TOWN OF PRAIRIE CITY RODE THE BANGITS, ROBBING THE BANK, LEAVING DEATH AND SUFFERING IN THEIR WAKE... SO SUDDENLY, THAT BEWILDERED CITIZENS AND LAWMEN ALIKE COULD REMEMBER ONLY A GLARING FLASH OF GUNFIRE, AND A MIXED CLOUD OF DUST AND GUNSMOKE...



SHERIFF ED THOMPSON HAD BEEN IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT, BUT HE'D COME OUT UNSCATHED... "LEAVE NURSING TO THE WOMEN," HE SAID GRIMLY. "I WANT A POSSE OF EVERY ABLE DODDIED MAN IN TOWN!"

WITH THIS QUICK START, WE HAVE A CHANCE TO OVERTAKE 'EM BEFORE THEY GET AWAY.



AT THAT MOMENT, RIDING TOWARD TOWN, WERE JESSE JAMES AND HIS ELDER BROTHER, FRANK...

MIGHTY PEACEFUL, THIS PRAIRIE CITY, FRANK, SEEMS LIKE A MAN COULD HOLE UP IN IT, AND MAYBE RELAX.

THE IDEA STRIKES ME FINE, JESS. I HEAR THERE'S A HOTEL THERE.





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

## SUDDENLY AT A BEND IN THE TRAIL...

HOLD IT THERE HOMBRES!  
DON'T TRY T'GO FER YOUR  
GUNS. YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED  
TEN TO ONE.

SHERIFF'S  
RIGHT FRANK  
NO USE STICKIN'  
OUR NECKS  
RIGHT IN A NOOSE



FUNNY YUH SAY THAT, HOMBRES.  
ACCOUNT THAT'S JUST WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE! SOON YOU'LL BE  
SWINGIN' IN THE BREEZES PURTY  
AS A PICTURE.

I DON'T SAVVY! IF YOU EXPECT  
TO SWING FRANK AND ME, GIVE  
US SOME IDEA WHAT IT'S ABOUT!

I RECKON YOU KNOW.  
DON'T WORRY, YOU  
WON'T SWING TILL YOU  
HEAR ALL ABOUT IT  
AT YOUR TRIAL.



YUH MEAN T' SAY, SHERIFF, YUH  
EXPECTS T' TAKE THEM MURDERIN'  
BANK BANDITS BACK FER A TRIAL?  
THEM TWO IS GUILTY! I SAY  
STRING 'EM UP!

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF.  
HANG 'EM NOW. IT'LL SAVE  
A MIGHTY LOT O' TROUBLE.

WAIT UP, MEN!



YOU ALL HOLD YOUR TEMPER  
I KNOW THESE RATS ARE  
GUILTY, BUT EVEN A RAT HAS  
A RIGHT TO FIGHT FOR HIS  
LIFE. FIRST ONE TRIES TAKIN'  
THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS  
GETS COOKED!

YOU'LL HEAR  
ABOUT THIS  
COME TIME FER  
REELECTION, ED.  
HERE'S TWENTY  
MEN SAY THEY  
SWING!



IF WE DO GET A CHANCE  
FOR A TRIAL, FRANK, THE  
JURY'D BE MADE UP OF  
THESE MEN. WE WOULDN'T  
STAND A CHANCE. WANT TO  
TRY AND MAKE A BREAK?

LET'S GO!



THE POSSE'S FAR BEHIND, FRANK.  
LET'S MAKE FOR THE HILLS.  
THEY'LL NEVER FIND US BEFORE DARK  
AND AT NIGHT THEY'LL GIVE UP.

## WITH TIGER LIKE SPEED, JESSE AND FRANK SPRANG FOR THEIR HORSES...

HEY, LOOK OUT. THOSE CROOKS  
ARE GETTIN' AWAY!

STOP OR I'LL  
SHOOT  
TO KILL!



SMART TO THINK OF THAT  
MOVE, JESSE. SURE AS  
SHOOTIN' WE'D HAVE BEEN  
WEARIN' NECKTIES MADE OF  
ROPE!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**LATER IN A HIDEOUT IN HILLS NEAR PRAIRIE CITY...**

WE'D BE HANGIN' RIGHT NOW, BUT FOR SHERIFF THOMPSON. HE SAVED OUR LIVES AND MUST BE IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE BECAUSE OF IT. WE GOT TO FIND THOSE BANDITS.

HOW DO WE DO THAT, KID?

THE POSSE WAS HEADIN' WEST WHEN THEY TOOK US. THEY CHASED THE BANOITS OUT THAT WAY. IN THESE HILLS BANDITS COULD BACKTRACK BY THE NORTH TRAIL AND HEAD EAST.

ONLY BANDITS TO KNOW THE COUNTRY THAT WELL WOULD BE BLACK BAKER'S MOB!

**SETTING OUT NEXT DAY JESSE AND FRANK TRAVELED EAST TIL NOON THEN...**

UP THIS WAY, FRANK. I REMEMBER NOW... WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSE SO BE CAREFUL.

KEEP YOUR IRONS READY, JESSE. BLACK BAKER SHOOT'S FAST AND DEADLY!

**FINALLY...**

BY GOSH IT'S BAKER'S MOB, ALL RIGHT! DO WE BARGE IN ON 'EM?

IT'S NOT THAT EASY. WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK AND STICK OUR NECK IN A NOOSE AGAIN!

**THAT AFTERNOON THE MOB'S TEMPER AT PRAIRIE CITY REACHED A FEVER PITCH...**

ED, YUH LET THEM KILLERS GO. IT'S FITTIN' WE HANG YUH IN THEIR PLACE. GOT ANY LAST WORDS YUH WANT TUH SAY?

YOU MEN ARE CRAZY! I'D DO THE SAME THING ALL OVER AGAIN.

ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S TAKE HIM TO THE SALOON. THEY GOT GOOD STURDY RAFTERS THERE FER STRINGIN' A...UH...

DON'T MOVE! ED THOMPSON SAYS WHERE HE IS!

THE JAMESES! SO YUH WAS BEIN' CUT IN ON THE LOOT, EH, SHERIFF?

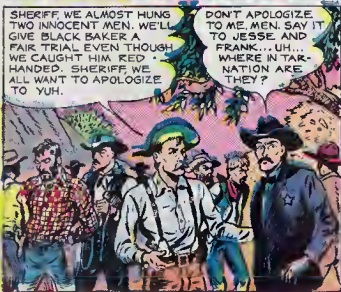
WAIT A MINUTE, HOMBRES. I'M TURNING MYSELF OVER TO YOU. IF I CAN'T TAKE YOU TO THE REAL BANDITS, YOU'RE WELCOME TO STRING ME UP. FAIR ENOUGH?

IF IT AIN'T A TRICK, ANYONE COMES BACK LIKE THIS OUGHTA BE HEARD. WHAT SAY, MEN?

GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SQUARE HIMSELF AND ED THOMPSON, BUT KEEP HIM WELL COVERED!

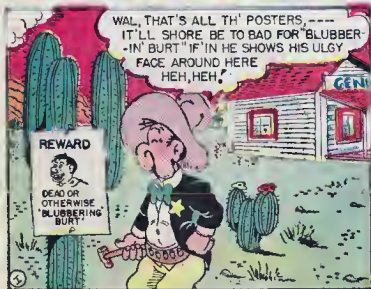


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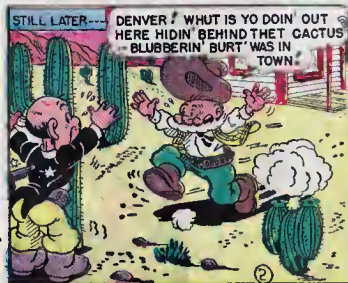
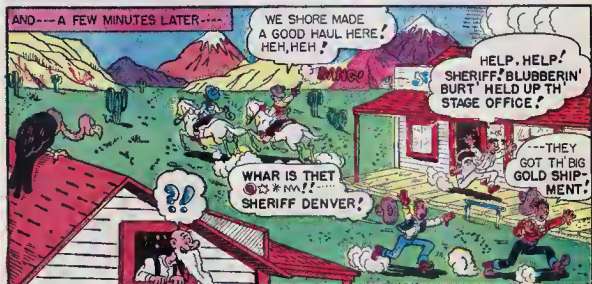
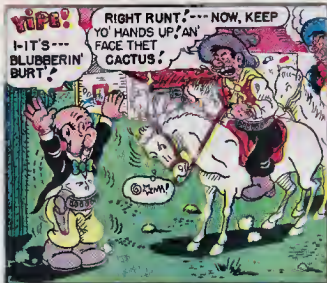
# DENVER MUDD

## AND BUSHEY BARNES

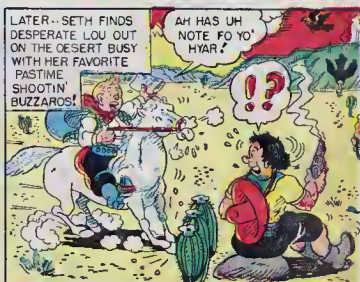
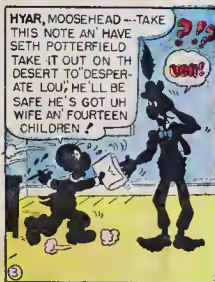
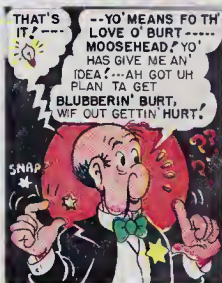
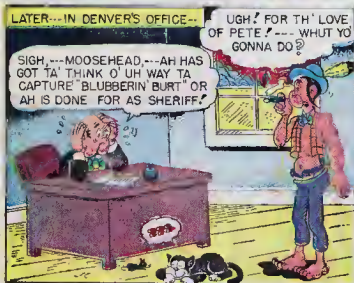
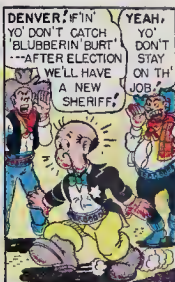




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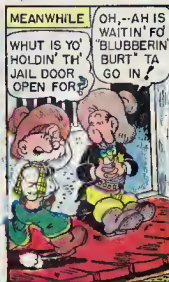
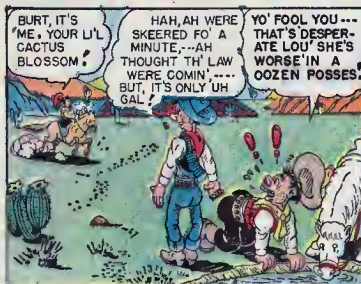


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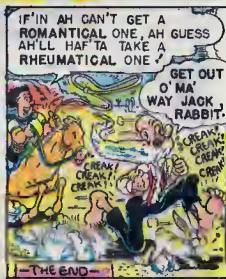
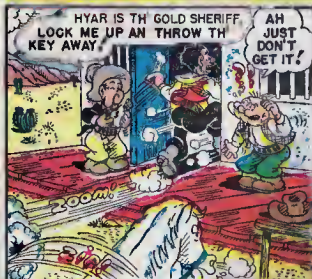
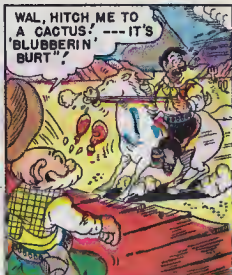
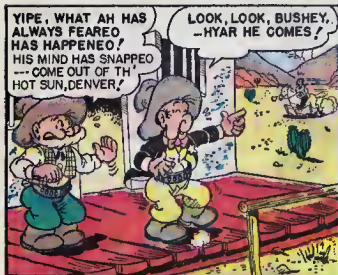




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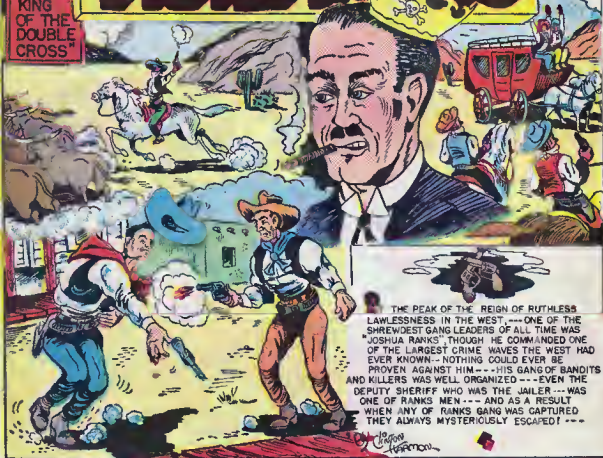
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



—THE END—

# THE VIGILANTES

THE KING OF THE DOUBLE CROSS



THE PEAK OF THE REIGN OF RUTHLESS LAWLESSNESS IN THE WEST --- ONE OF THE SHREWDEST GANG LEADERS OF ALL TIME WAS "JOSHUA RANKS" THOUGH HE COMMANDED ONE OF THE LARGEST CRIME WAVES THE WEST HAD EVER KNOWN --- NOTHING COULD EVER BE PROVEN AGAINST HIM --- HIS GANG OF BANDITS AND KILLERS WAS WELL ORGANIZED --- EVEN THE DEPUTY SHERIFF WHO WAS THE JAILER --- WAS ONE OF RANKS MEN --- AND AS A RESULT WHEN ANY OF RANKS GANG WAS CAPTURED THEY ALWAYS MYSTERIOUSLY ESCAPED! ---

By Gordon Kesterson

---ONE NIGHT SHERIFF SAM WHITE -- WHO HAS BEEN DOING HIS BEST TO STOP THE LAWLESSNESS--- SURPRISES TWO BANDITS

ALRIGHT, PUT 'EM UP, YOU RATS --- I'VE GOT YOU REDHANDED



NOW, GET GOIN' TOWARD TH' JAIL --





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

---AND WHEN THEY REACH THE JAIL, SHERIFF WHITE INSTRUCTS HIS JAILER--JED JONES--

JED---YOU KNOW THERE HAS BEEN TOO BLAMED MANY JAIL BREAKS LATELY--- AN I WANT YOU TO TAKE SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS---SEE

S-SURE--- SHERIFF--SURE



WE DON'T CARE IF TH SHERIFF IS GETTIN WISE THAT YOU'VE BEEN FAKE IN THESE JAILBREAKS--- TELL RANKS IF WE AINT OUT O HERE BY TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL TALK

O.K., O.K., I'LL TELL UM



A LITTLE LATER---SHERIFF WHITE CALLED A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE VIGILANTES---THE VIGILANTES ARE HONEST PEACE LOVING CITIZENS ORGANIZED AGAINST EVIL

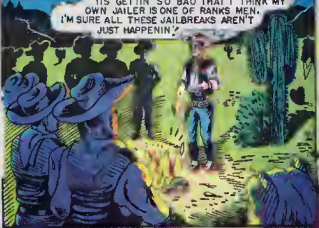
WHAT'S UP?

SHERIFF WHITE WANTS ALL TH VIGILANTES AT A MEETIN' RIGHT AWAY, COME ON



LATER--WHEN THEY ARE ALL ASSEMBLED

YOU MEN HAVE KEPT YOUR PROMISE WHEN I ASKED YOU TO LET THE LAW HANDLE THIS RANKS GANG---WELL, I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE TO ASK YOUR HELP, IT'S GETTIN' SO BAD THAT I THINK MY OWN JAILER IS ONE OF RANKS MEN. I'M SURE ALL THESE JAILBREAKS AREN'T JUST HAPPENIN'



--I'VE GOT TWO OF RANKS MEN IN JAIL NOW---AND IF THEY OO FAKE A JAILBREAK,--I'VE GOT A PLAN TO GET THE GOODS ON RANKS NOW, MARTIN YOU USED TO BE AN ARTIST IN A WAX STATUE MUSEUM--I'LL NEED YOU FOR AN IMPORTANT PART OF MY PLAN-----



MEANWHILE IN RANKS OFFICE----

BOSS---TH SHERIFF HAS TWO OF OUR GANG. I THINK HE'S GETTIN' WISE TO ME---AN THEY'LL BLAB ALL THEY KNOW ON US IF WE DON'T GET UM' OUT



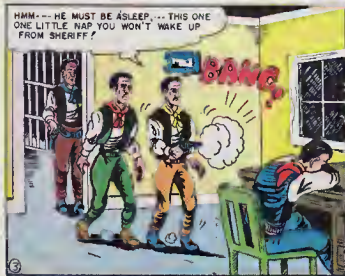
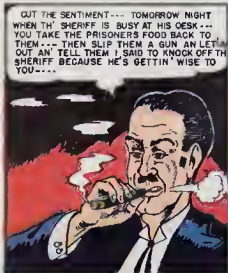
YOU NUMBSKULL,--THAT'S EASY STAGE ANOTHER JAILBREAK, LET UM OUT THEN SHOOT UM---



B-B-BUT--BOSS THEY'RE ---OUR OWN MEN---



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SORRY RANKS ORDERS BOYS -- SO I CAN BE MADE SHERIFF AN GIVE BETTER PROTECTION TO THE REST OF HIS GANG?

YOU DOUBLE CROSSING RAT?

**AREEE.**

---NOW, I'VE GOTTA RUN OUT INTO TH' STREET AN' SPREAD TH' ALARM THAT THERE HAS BEEN A JAILBREAK!



---BUT AS JED RUSHES OUT-- HE IS SURPRISED TO FIND THE VIGILANTES GATHERED AROUND THE DOOR----

**JAILBREAK!**

HUH! WHUT TH



--- DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID? THE TWO PRISONERS TRIED TO BREAK OUT OF JAIL THEY SHOT THE SHERIFF BUT I GOT THEM!-----  
--- W.WHY DO YOU ALL KEEP LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT???



WE KNEW IF WE GAVE RANKS ENOUGH ROPE HE WOULD HANG HIMSELF---AS FOR THE SHERIFF HE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!

RIGHT -- THAT WAS JUST A WAX DUMMY THAT WAS SHOT---WHEN YOU WENT BACK TO THE CELL ROOM WE PUT THE DUMMY IN MY CHAIR---MY PLAN WORKED WE SAW AN HEARD EVERYTHING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW NOW WE GOT TH GOODS ON RANKS--- AN YOU TOO!



---RANKS AND JONES WERE GIVEN FULL PAYMENT FOR THEIR CRIMES--- SO ONCE MORE THE VIGILANTES HELPED BRING THE LAWLESS WEST, ONE STEP MORE TOWARD LAW AND ORDER----

---THE END---



# DANIEL BOONE— ADVENTURER

Driving in the direction of Frankfort, Kentucky, you will come upon a great monument erected for a great man. The letters on this massive piece of marble say; DANIEL BOONE Born 1734, Died 1820. As your memory goes back into the archives of history, your heart will swell with pride as you reflect upon Daniel Boone, the early American who through endless sacrifices and love of country, paved the way for you children to travel without danger.

Daniel Boone was born in Penna., 8 miles from Reading which is today a thriving, modern American City. His father was Devonshire English and was called Squire Boone—Squire being a name and not a title. His mother's name was Morgan, of Welsh extraction. Both sides of his family were Quakers, brought to Pennsylvania by the fame of William Penn and his Quaker associates.

Daniel Boone had ten brothers and sisters. One was killed by Indians, the others lived to ages ranging from eighty three to ninety-one. Their stay in Pennsylvania was short. Rumors reached them of a new country to the South that was a paradise of game and a land of rich soil. When Daniel was seventeen the Boone family moved to Yadkin County in North Carolina. This is in the northwestern part of the state on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains. At that time it was virgin territory, filled with game. Although young Daniel was still a farmer he spent as much time with his rifle as he did with his hoe. Not only did they have to hunt for all of their food but their clothing came from the wild animals they hunted. Of all the hunters Boone was the most noted for his marksmanship. As he grew to manhood, the Indians gave the Western frontiersman a great deal of trouble.

General Braddock came from Virginia with an army of British and Colonials to drive the intruders out. Braddock was brave but inexperienced in savage fighting. A young Virginian named George Washington who was in command of the Colonials tried to show him

the danger but there was no time for the British to learn.

One day as their little army was marching in single file along a narrow trail a few miles from Fort Duquesne, the Indians attacked. From both sides of the ravine of death, the Indians poured their fire. The British were able to take it for a while but were outnumbered and many fell in the line of duty. George Washington and the Colonials seeing how the British were endangered, leaped into the woods and fought the Indians in Indian fashion, saving a great number of their men. Braddock could not be saved and died with his soldiers.

Daniel Boone was with the outfit, not as scout or fighting man, but as wagoner at the rear. When the battle started Boone mounted his horse and galloped out of danger leaving the fighting men to their own resources. There was one good thing that grew out of that inglorious battle with Braddock—to wit, Boone's meeting with John Finley, who was also a hunter, Indian trader, peddler and wanderer. Finley never tired of telling Boone about the great herds of Buffalo, elk and wild turkeys that were awaiting a hunter such as he in Kentucky. Boone's mouth watered as his finger itched to get at the trigger of his rifle.

The path over the mountain was rough, unknown and also dangerous because the Southern Cherokee Indians claimed it as their country and the Shawnees of the North, as theirs. These Indian tribes raided back and forth and across it by turns.

It was in September 1773 that Boone started on his most serious invasion of Kentucky. He was the head of a large caravan including five other families, which accompanied the Boones as they advanced through Cumberland Gap.

Boone sent his son James and two other men to get extra supplies at the Russell settlement on Clinch River. The party lost their way. Some Shawnees on their way North from a raid in the Cherokee country attacked them at dawn and killed young Boone. It was heart-

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breaking news the little party brought back to Boone but he took the blow like a genuine frontiersman. True to his motto—then as always, he told his group to "press on."

When Richard Henderson dreamed his dream of an independent colony beyond the Alleghenies, it was natural that he should turn to Boone as his pathfinder. Boone thought that now his star was finally shining. The tour promised him wealth and power but in the end brought him only heartbreak and disappointment.

The land they set out to seek was claimed by Virginia on the basis of the original grants from the British crown. North Carolina, too, had a claim for part of it on the same basis. The original land grants were vague in their descriptions of the land between points on the coast, westward to the Pacific.

In view of these conditions, and since neither Virginia nor North Carolina had done anything to make good their claims, there was some reason for Henderson's argument that the only good title rested on Indian treaties. He proceeded with the formation of the Transylvania Company and entered into a treaty with the Cherokees, who were the native owners of the country around Sycamore Shoals. One of the Indian chiefs made a remark to Boone that he was to remember all of his life. "Brother, it is a fine land we sell to you but I fear you will find it hard to hold." This was in 1775 and Indians were almost continuous from then until the end of the Revolution in 1783. Boone built a trail from the Valley of Virginia to Central Kentucky. He did this while fighting off Indians, but finally it was accomplished.

It was a hard country through which the Wilderness Road ran but over it was to pass one of the greatest migrations in the history of inland America. There were forty "gangs" in the road company and it was a difficult task for axes and guns. All travel was horseback in those days. In fact it was not until 1796 that a wheel passed over this great highway, although thousands of settlers had used it by that time.

This indeed was the Promised Land and through discouraging and heartbreaking days they struggled on, eager to live in the new settlement, overlooking the hard conditions of living. They were 200 miles from the nearest white settlement. Boone held his position firm and built a stockade at Otter Creek and the Kentucky River that became known as "Boone's borough." No trace of this settlement remains today.

In 1776 Kentucky became a county of Virginia and Richard Henderson received a grant of two hundred thousand acres of land in consideration of forfeiting his claim. In the same Fall came the long Indian war which lasted as long as the Revolution.

In 1777 Boonesborough was attacked 3 times. Those were dangerous days. It was a time when white men kept their scalps only at the price of courage and supreme woodcraft. They had to beat the Indians at their own game and many used their scalping knives as freely as their red enemies.

In 1778, while Boone was leading his men to seek out the Indians there was an attack on the settlement. The Indians captured Boone, whom they all feared. The victorious Indians set out for their camps on the little Miami River, a few miles from the present town of Xenia, Ohio. Boone was held there by the Indians for nearly five months, occasionally hearing plans and rumors of attacks on the whites. The biggest attack was to be against Boonesborough and Boone had to act quickly. The next day he secured permission to go on a hunt. He took a direct line for the Ohio, travelling day and night. Indians were all about and it was unsafe to build a fire or to shoot game. For three days he ate nothing but the parched corn he carried in his hunting pouch.

It was a trip that held horrors every hour. Not only was Boone compelled to travel at top speed, but he had to conceal his trail by doubling in his tracks. When he arrived in Boonesborough he found his family had given him up for dead. He came back to constant fighting with the Indians who spared neither sex nor age in their zeal for white annihilation. It was through courage and heartbreak at the loss of his loved ones that Boone built the Highway to the West, which was known as Boone's Road.

In his eighty-seventh year Boone was still fighting the Indians when the end came on September 21, 1820. His body, with that of his wife now rests in Frankfort, Kentucky.

So we bid Good-bye to the simple honesty that was Boone's and his steadfast cheerfulness when the going grew hard. His faith in all men and his dream of Kentucky have made his name remembered, while other contemporary names grow dim with the years.

Boone stands on the heights, as the Great American Frontiersman, the man who made the vast Western wilderness a safe road for all of us to travel.

—Donna Davis



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PICTURES



# PECKS BILL

as created by WALT DISNEY





# Annie Oakley



WELCOME TO BEAUVILLE, MR. BUTLER. WHAT A CHARMING PARTNER. IF I WERE YOU, I'D SOON CHANGE THE NAME TO BUTLER AND BUTLER.

WE'RE STRICTLY BUSINESS PARTNERS, MAYOR MILLER.

I'D LIKE TO TAKE ON YOUR LOCAL SHARPSHOOTER WITH A SIDEBET OF A HUNDRED OR SO.

WE'RE MAKIN' IT A REAL OCCASION WITH THIS MEDAL FOR THE WINNER.

HEY JAKE! YA MISSED A SHOT! DO THAT IN THE MEET AND WE'LL LOSE ALL OUR DOUGH.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL BEAT BUTLER WITH MY EYES CLOSED. MILLER'S GOT IT ALL FIXED.



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE SHOW WAS TO GO ON THE FOLLOWING EVENING... BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE, FRANK HAD VISITORS

HOWDY, GENTS. ANOTHER WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

YEAH, EXCEPT YOU'RE DOIN' THE WELCOMIN', BUTLER. WE WANNA TALK WITH YOU!



DID YOU MEN COME TO ASK ME TO TAKE A FEW SIDE BETS ON MYSELF? I'M MEETING A MAN NAMED ANGELL IN A PRE-SHOW MATCH TOMORROW MORNING.

NOT EXACTLY. Y'SEE SOME OF US HAVE DOUGH ON ANGELL. AND WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE WORTH A NICE PILE TO VARY IF I DIDN'T WIN.



IF ANGELL WINS IT'LL BE ON THE LEVEL. NOW GET OUT... WHAT'S THE GUN FOR?

I THINK WE'RE GONNA TAKE A WALK, PAL. IT WON'T BE SMART TO MAKE ANY NOISE!



IN A NEARBY WOODED SECTION...

HOW ABOUT IT NOW, BUTLER? GONNA PLAY ALONG OR D'YA WANT MORE?

WORK HIM OVER SOME MORE, PETE, JUST SO HE'LL REMEMBER!



ANNIE! OPEN THE DOOR, QUICKLY!

WHAT'S WRONG, FRANK?



FRANK, YOU'RE HURT TERRIBLY!

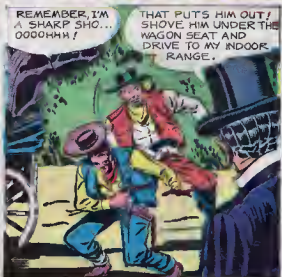
I TOLD YOU THIS TOWN WAS...TOUGH. SOME BUMS ARE TRYING TO MAKE ME THROW THE LOCAL MATCH.

BUT I'M PLAYING TO WIN, ANNIE. I HOPE TO BREAK THEM ALL!

I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT, FRANK. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**SOMETIME AFTER THE ATTACK... AT THE RANGE...**

ALL RIGHT, TAKE BUTLER INTO THE ROOM, BACK OF THE TARI-GET, WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS A SWEET BIT OF REVENGIN'!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, BUTLER? I'LL GET YOUR PARTNER AND SHE'LL UNKNOWINGLY PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEART. THEN WE'LL FIX IT SO SHE'S CHARGED WITH MURDER!

YOUR HEART IS RIGHT OVER THE OPEN BULLSEYE, SO SHE CAN'T MISS!



**MAYOR MILLER RE-TURNED TO ANNIE...**

MR BUTLER'S GOIN' TO BE A WHILE WITH THE SHERIFF WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY OUR INDOOR RANGE WHILE YOU WAIT?

I'D LOVE TO TRY, MAYOR MILLER.



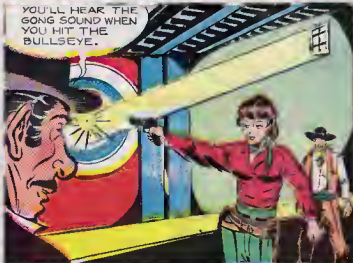
**THE SUN WAS LATE IN THE AFTERNOON SKY AS ANNIE WALKED TO THE SHOOTING RANGE...**

IT'S A NICE BUILDING, MAYOR, IT WILL BE EXCITING TO USE THE RANGE.

MORE EXCITING THAN YOU KNOW, MA'AM.



YOU'LL HEAR THE GONG SOUND WHEN YOU HIT THE BULLSEYE.



I HAVE SHARP EYES, MAYOR! LINE UP, ALL OF YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU GETTIN' AT, MISS OAKLEY?



SO THAT'S IT! YOU'RE LUCKY YOU WORE THE MEDAL, FRANK, THE SUN GLEAMING ON IT SAVED YOUR LIFE!

OKAY UNTIE HIM, YOU RATS!

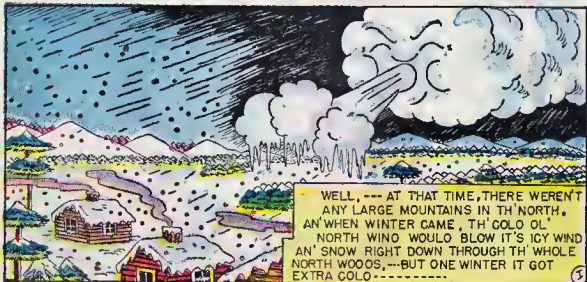
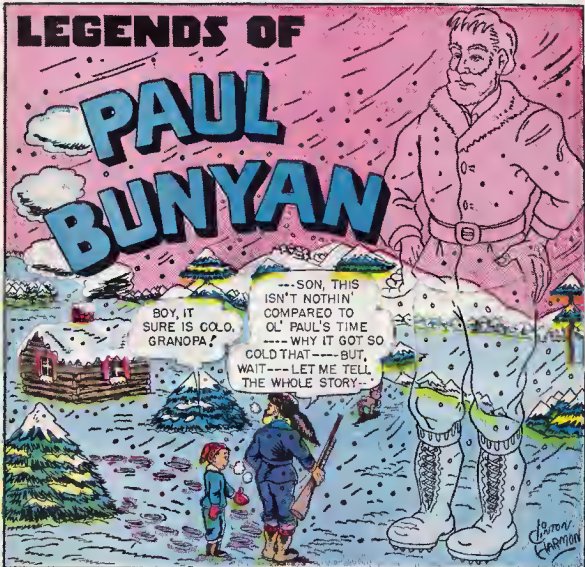


I'VE BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF MILLER A LONG TIME AND YOU CAUGHT HIM ANNIE! YOU SHOULD GET A REWARD!

MY REWARD IS HAVING FRANK SAFE AND KNOWING NOTHING WILL SPOIL OUR SHOW TONIGHT.



## LEGENDS OF

PAUL  
BUNYAN

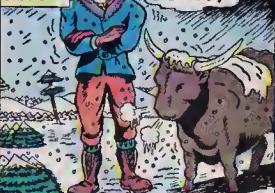
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

--- YESSIR, IT WERE SO COLD, THAT TH' ONLY THING TH' LOGGERS DID ALL WINTER WAS STAND AROUND TH' FIRE AN' SHIVER! ---IT GOT SO FAR BELOW ZERO THAT EVERYBODY LOST COUNT---



BUT, --- IT WAS WORSE FOR OL' PAUL AN' BABE, FOR THEY HAD NO SHELTER!

BBBRR, --- THIS IS TH' COLDEST WINTER WE EVER HAD!

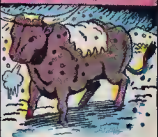


OL' PAUL BURNED UP SO MANY TREES TRYING TO KEEP WARM, THAT HE WAS AFRAID IF HE DIDN'T FIGURE OUT SOMETHIN' BEFORE THE NEXT WINTER---THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY NORTH WOODS!



BABE, COME SPRING ---WE'LL FIGURE OUT UH WAY TO BE PRE-  
-PARED FOR NEXT WINTER!

POOR BABE WAS SO COLD THAT HE JUST STOOD AN' SHIVERED, IN FACT BABE GOT SO COLD THAT HE TURNED PLUMB BLUE---AND EVER AFTER THAT BABE WAS KNOWN AS PAUL'S BIG BLUE OX!



FINALLY, ---SPRING CAME AND ALL THE SNOW MELTED ---AN' OL' PAUL THOUGHT AND THOUGHT,---TRYIN' TO THINK OF A WAY TO MAKE A SHELTER---



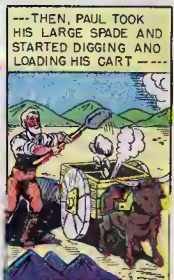
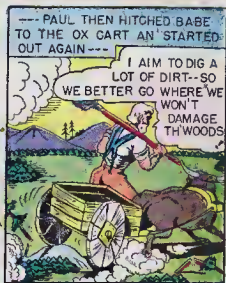
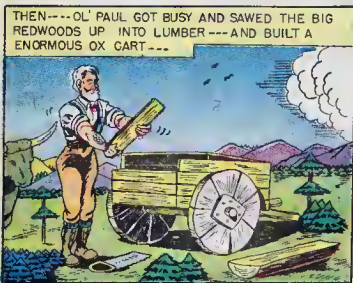
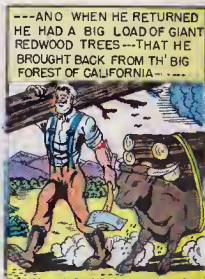
BILLY, I THINK I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO DO IT!

BUT, -- PAUL HOW?



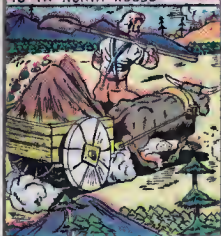


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

---MIGHTY BABE WOULD THEN  
PULL THE BIG LOAD OF DIRT BACK  
TO TH' NORTH WOODS---



---AN' PAUL UNLOADED THE CART, MAKING GIANT  
MOUNDS OF OIRT--THEN  
AWAY THEY WOULD GO  
AFTER ANOTHER LOAD---



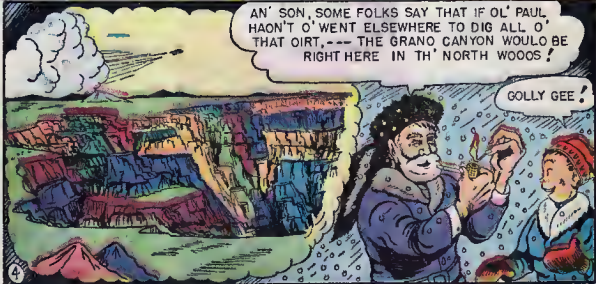
---A'FORE LONG  
PAUL HAO MADE  
MANY O' THEM  
GIANT MOUNDS---



---SO, WHEN TH' WINTERY BLAST STARTED  
BLOWING THAT WINTER, ---PAUL AN'  
BABE HAO LOTS OF GOOD WIND BREAKS,---  
---AN' IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR PAUL--  
WE WOULDN'T HAVE TH' BIG  
MOUNTAINS THAT WE HAVE IN TH'  
NORTH TODAY.



AN' SON, SOME FOLKS SAY THAT IF OL' PAUL  
HAON'T O' WENT ELSEWHERE TO DIG ALL O'  
THAT OIRT, --- THE GRANO CANYON WOULD BE  
RIGHT HERE IN TH' NORTH WOODS!



GOLLY GEE!

# WILD BILL HICKOK

WILD BILL HICKOK CAME SMACK INTO THE MIDDLE OF A STICKUP, IN THE SMALL MISSOURI TOWN ONE DAY IN 1866. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN ORDINARY BATTLE HAD NOT SOMETHING HAPPENED TO MAKE WILD BILL SWEAR TO RUN YELLOW DOG DOWN TO DEATH.

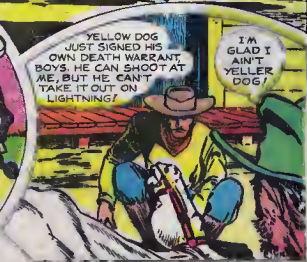


WHOA!  
THE HOMBRES  
GOT MY HORSE!



YELLOW DOG  
JUST SIGNED HIS  
OWN DEATH WARRANT,  
BOYS. HE CAN SHOOT AT  
ME, BUT HE CAN'T  
TAKE IT OUT ON  
LIGHTNING!

I'M  
GLAD I  
AIN'T  
YELLER  
DOG!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE TOWN...

YOU SURE CLIPPED THAT NAG GOOD YELLER DOG. RECKON YOU SHOWED HICKOK.

YEAH! NOW WE MAKE FER THE HILLS AN' HOLE UP TILL BEEKMAN SHOWS UP FER HIS SHARE OF THE LOOT.

BEEKMAN HAS TO COME UP THAT TRAIL. DRAW A BEAD ON HIM AND DON'T MISS!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS, I NEVER MISS!

THIS NAG AIN'T SO FAST AS YOURN BILL BUT HE'LL DO LIGHTNING'LL BE OKAY SOON.

THANKS, DOC. I'M GOIN' TO THE GOLD PEACOCK. I HEAR IT'S RUN BY A WOMAN.

AT THE GOLD PEACOCK... MARIE WAIBEL - OWNER...

HOWDY, MR HICKOK. THANKS FOR CHASING THE BANDITS... THEY GOT AWAY WITH PLENTY. COME IN AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW.

THEY KNEW JUST WHERE THE MONEY WAS HIDDEN... AND ONLY OLD MOSE ANDREWS AND I KNOW THE HIDING PLACE.

I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON OLD MOSE. ARE YOU SURE NO ONE ELSE KNOWS?



OH... YES, MY COUSIN, WERNER BEEKMAN... JUST TAKEN WERNER IN AS MY PARTNER. BUT HE'D HAVE NO REASON TO STEAL FROM HIMSELF.

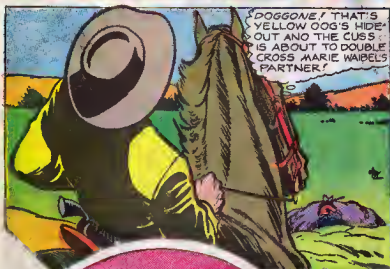
MAY I SPEAK TO YOUR COUSIN, MISS WAIBEL?

HE LIVES IN THE HOTEL AND COMES IN AT NIGHT TO LEARN THE ROPES. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE WAS A KID BACK EAST TILL HE CAME OUT TO HELP ME. HE'S IN HIS ROOM NOW.

I'LL GO SEE HIM.



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# WESTERN STARS

by  
MARIO DE MARCO



## DICK FORAN

HIS AMBITION WAS TO BECOME A FAMOUS GEOLOGIST ON GRADUATION FROM COLLEGE. FATE TOOK HIM TO HOLLYWOOD WHERE HE WAS SIGNED TO A CONTRACT. HIS BIG 6 FEET 3 INCHES FRAME MAKES HIM AN IDEAL WESTERN-ACTION-STAR!



DICK, WHO HAD NO INTENTIONS OF BECOMING A WESTERN STAR, ONCE PLAYED BASEBALL.



AND FOOTBALL FOR PRINCETON, AND ONCE SANG WITH THE PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!



## Be the First in Your Crowd to Own This All-New HEART-BEAT Purse!



GENUINE LEATHER  
IN RICH  
NEW COLORS!

HOLDS EVERYTHING!  
Beauty Aids, Bills, Coins,  
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### FASHION-RIGHT!

Wonderful new purse that everyone will admire! Smartest leathers expertly crafted in new and exciting shades! So handy for shopping, school, picnics, sports, the beach... wherever you go!

#### All These FEATURES!

Identity Cord Holder  
Viewers for 8 Photos  
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trim and slim!  
FREE Comb, Mirror, File

#### All-Around Zipper Keeps Everything Safe!

Nothing rattles, nothing gets lost  
— and Heart-Beat is so beautiful  
convenient! Quick as your heart-beat you reach keys, lipstick, coins in snug holder.

#### and LOOK!

The Keys to Your  
Heart! (Heart in  
Contrasting  
Color). Heart-  
Shape Frame for snap of  
our "Heart-Beat!"

#### FELLOWS!

Great present! Put  
your snap-shot here  
... your girl wears it  
proudly.

only **1.98**  
PLUS  
FED. TAX

#### HOLDS SO MUCH — STAYS SO SLIM!

Soft cellophoned pocket for identity card, 4 transparent windows for licenses and snapshots of everyone you love — but everyone! Mirror, comb, and file to help you look your prettiest!

#### Choose from all these exciting colors!

Sunrise Red, Leaf Green, Coffee Brown, Midnight Black.

**Wear it  
10 Days FREE!**

#### SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon. Pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage and Fed. Tax. Or SAVE POSTAGE, enclose \$2.38 now with coupon. If you're not thrilled — if friends aren't impressed — return in 10 days, get money back.



#### SPECIAL OFFER!

Matching Heart-Beat  
Lighter Size 2" by 1 1/2".  
Just \$1 additional. In  
red, green, blue, black.

#### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SCOPE SALES CORP., Dept. H-7707  
1 Orchard Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Rush me my new HEART-BEAT Purse in color checked:

- ☐ Sunrise Red ☐ Leaf Green ☐ Coffee Brown ☐ Midnight Black  
☐ On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage, and Fed. Tax.  
☐ I enclose \$2.38. You pay postage.  
☐ Send HEART-BEAT Lighter C.O.D. I pay postage.  
☐ Enclosed find \$1. I save postage.  
Lighter Colors: (circle one) Red — Green — Blue — Black

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

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COWBOY WESTERN 23  
July 1949

COVER - JOE ORLANDO*		
FC - They Made History	DeMarco*	1
ANNIE OAKLEY	Orlando	4
JESSE JAMES	Allison	4
DM & BB - DESPERATE LOY	HARMON*	5
THE VIGILANTES	HARMON*	4
DANIEL BOONE - ADVENTURER	TEXT	2

PECOS BILL - AD FOR WALT Disney Film		1
ANNIE OAKLEY	Orlando* +	4
LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN	HARMON*	4
WILD BILL HICKOK	BATTERFIELD	4
WESTERN STARS - DICK FURAN	DEMARCO*	1